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## WILLOW WHISTLER.

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

The world is wide awake to-day,  
The brook slips by, the wind is gay,  
And every leaf is rustling;  
This shady bank, 'neath beech and oak,  
With lance-like grasses bristling,  
And you and I, two idle folk,  
Sit making willow whistles.

Oh, heavenly sunshine of the May,  
Succeeding winter hoary,  
What shade can shut its light away,  
What gloom resist its glory!  
Down through our leafy canopy  
Dart myriad golden missiles,  
And yill the brook, the bank, the tree,  
And even the willow whistles.

Such wealth of leaf! such worlds of green!  
Such calm, no words can utter!  
And all the birds that ever were seen  
Have gathered here to flutter;  
They perch perched, with heads awry,  
Upon the waving tresses,  
And evidently wonder why  
We're making willow whistles.

How dare you, comrades, trifle so,  
In these grand forest solitudes,  
And laugh, and beat your sap-bough,  
And set me bad examples!  
Such songs of praise here arise,  
As never were found in Missals,  
And we should hearken, were we wise,  
Instead of making whistles.

They say the world's a vale of tears,  
And man is born to trouble;  
The words sound silly in my ears,  
Beside the brook's bubble;  
Friends change, I hear, and hopes grow pale,  
The fairest project flits,—  
I'm glad there's no such word as fall  
In making willow whistles.

The brook shows back two heads of brown,  
Though once a prettier color,  
A Titian hue,—no need to frown,  
I've said not this is duller;  
They'll be the same, both yours and mine,  
When time their brows grizes,  
And then, we'll laugh at "Auld Lang Syne,"  
When we made willow whistles.

## MY MIDNIGHT PERIL.

The night of the 17th of October—  
shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness,  
the roar of the autumnal wind through  
the lonely forest, and the incessant  
down-pour of the rain.

"This comes of short-cuts," I mumbled  
petulantly to myself, as I plodded  
along, keeping close to the trunk of the  
trees to avoid the deep ravine, through  
which I could just hear the roar of the  
turbulent stream forty or fifty feet  
below. My blood ran cold as I thought  
what might be the possible consequences  
of a misstep or move in the wrong  
direction. Why had I not been  
contented to keep in the high road?

Hold on! Was that a light, or are  
my eyes playing me false?

I stopped, holding on the low, resinous  
boughs of a hemlock that grew on  
the edge of the bank; for it actually  
seemed as if the wind would seize me  
bodily and hurl me down the precipitous  
descent.

It was a light—thank Providence—it  
was a light, and no ignis fatuus or  
coope gleam to lure me on to destruction  
and death.

"Hallo-o-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like  
a clarion. I plunged onward through  
tangled vines, dense briars and rocky  
banks, until, gradually nearing, I could  
perceive a figure wrapped in an oil-cloth  
cape or cloak, carrying a lantern. As  
the dim light fell upon his face I almost  
recalled. Would not solitude and the  
woods be preferable to the companionship  
of this withered, wrinkled, hideous  
old man? But it was too late to recede  
now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled, with a  
peculiar motion of the lips that  
seemed to leave his yellow stumps of  
teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct  
me to R— station?"

"Yes; R— station is twelve miles  
from here."

"Twelve miles!"  
I stood aghast.

"Yes."

"Can you tell me of any shelter I  
could obtain for the night?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"To Drew's, down by the maple  
grove."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night?"  
I could pay them well."

His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps  
shook once more.

the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of  
bread.

"I should like to retire as soon as  
possible," I said, for my weariness was  
excessive.

"Certainly." The woman started up  
with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?"  
asked my guide.

"Up chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No."

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you no!"

But here I interrupted the whispered  
colloquy.

"I am not particular—I don't care  
where you lodge me; only make haste."

So I was conducted up a steep ladder  
that stood in a corner of the room, into  
an apartment ceiled with sloping beams  
and ventilated by one small window,  
where a cot bedstead, crowded close  
against the board partition, and a pine  
table, with two chairs, formed the sole  
attempts at furniture.

The woman set the light—an oil lamp  
—on the table.

"Anything more I can get you, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you."

"I hope you'll sleep well, sir. When  
shall I call you?"

"At 4 o'clock in the morning, if you  
please. I must walk over to R—  
station in time for the 7 o'clock ex-  
press."

"I'll be sure and call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in  
the gloomy little apartment. I sat down  
and looked around me with no very  
agreeable sensation.

"I will sit down and write to Alice,"  
I thought, "that will soothe my nerves  
and quiet me, perhaps."

I descended the ladder. The fire still  
glowed redly on the stone hearth; my  
companion and the woman sat beside  
it, talking in a low tone, and a third  
person sat at the table eating—a short,  
stout, villainous-looking man, in a red  
flannel shirt and muddy trousers.

I asked for writing materials and re-  
turned to my room to write to my wife.

"My darling Alice."

I paused and laid down my pen as I  
concluded the words, half smiling at  
the thought that she would say could she  
know of my strange quarters.

Not until both sheets were covered  
did I lay aside my pen and prepare for  
slumber. As I folded the paper I hap-  
pened to glance toward my couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye ob-  
serving me through the cracks of the  
board partition, or was it but my own  
fancy? There was a crack there, but  
only blank darkness beyond; yet could  
I have sworn that something had sparkled  
balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was 1 o'clock.  
It was scarcely worth while for me to  
undress for three hours' sleep; I would  
lie down in my clothes and snatch what  
slumber I could. So placing my valise  
close to the head of my bed, and bar-  
ricading the lockless door with two  
chairs, I extinguished the light and lay  
down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradu-  
ally a soft drowsiness seemed to steal  
over me like a misty mantle, until, all  
of a sudden, some startling electric  
thrill coursed through all my veins, and  
I sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow  
and quiver through the room—no light  
of moon or star was ever so soft or pen-  
etrating—and by the little window I saw  
Alice, my wife, dressed in floating gar-  
ments of white, with her long golden  
hair knotted back by a blue ribbon.  
Apparently she was beckoning to me  
with outstretched hands and eyes full of  
wild, anxious tenderness.

Once at the town I told my story to  
the local police, and a detachment was  
sent with me to the spot.

After much searching and many false  
alarms, we succeeded in finding the  
ruinous old house, but it was empty and  
deserted. Our birds had flown; nor  
did I ever recover my valise and watch  
and chain, which latter I had left under  
my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader  
of the police; "and they've troubled us  
these two years. I don't think,  
though, they'll come back here just at  
present."

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is  
to come yet. Some three weeks subse-  
quently I received a letter from my sister,  
who was with Alice in her English  
home—a letter whose intelligence filled  
me with surprise:

"I must tell you something very  
very strange," wrote my sister, "that  
happened us on the night of the 17th of  
October. Alice had not been so well  
for some time; in fact she had been  
confined to her bed for nearly a week;  
and I was sitting beside her reading.  
It was late; the clock had just struck  
11, when all of a sudden she seemed to  
faint away, growing cold and rigid as a  
corpse. I hastened to call assistance,  
but all our efforts seemed vain to restore  
life or animation. I was just about  
sending for the doctor when her senses  
returned as suddenly as they had left  
her, and she sat up in bed, pushing  
back her hair and looking wildly about  
her."

"Alice!" I exclaimed, "how you  
have terrified us all. Are you ill?"

"Not ill," she answered, "but I  
feel so strange. Gracie, I have been  
with my husband."

"And all our reasoning failed to con-  
vince her of the impossibility of her as-  
sertions. She persists to this moment  
that she saw you and was with you on  
the night of the 17th of October, or  
rather on the morning of the 18th.

Where and how she cannot tell; but we  
think it must have been some dream.  
She is better now, and I wish you could  
see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I  
do not pretend to explain or account for  
its mysteries. I simply relate facts.

Let psychologists unravel the laby-  
rinthine skein. I am not superstitious,  
neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths,  
and apparitions; but this thing I do  
know—that although my wife was in  
England, in the body, the morning of  
the 18th of October, her spirit surely  
stood beside me in New York in the mo-  
ment of the deadly peril that menaced  
me. It may be that, to the subtle in-  
stinct and strength of a wife's holy love,  
all things are possible, but Alice surely  
saved my life.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MORE Americans visit Shakespeare's  
birthplace than English.

MUCH anxiety is felt in Russia, regard-  
ing the destruction of forests, which  
proceeds very rapidly.

The use of bronze in the manufacture  
of field-pieces has been abandoned both  
in England and Prussia.

LATEST accounts from the Sandwich  
Islands represent the native Hawaiians  
as decidedly opposed to annexation to  
the United States.

NAPOLEON III. left a considerable  
body of notes for the continuation of  
his life of Julius Caesar, which are to be  
edited under the direction of his wife  
and published.

ONE million and three hundred thou-  
sand children are in the schools in India  
supported by the British Government.  
The whole population of British India  
is now 241,000,000.

A PARISH minister in the neighborhood  
of Dundee, Scotland, announces that he  
has discontinued studying, and until  
coals can be got at a cheaper rate he has  
intimated his intention to preach his old  
sermons! He alleges that he cannot  
afford coals for his study fire.

For some time past the Catholic clergy  
of Brazil have been waging a bitter  
war upon the Masons, whom they have  
prescribed and persecuted to the extent  
of their power. It appears from advices  
lately received, that the controversy is  
now dividing the cabinet, and that there  
is likely to be a crisis in consequence.

This will make the matter a political  
question, and it may be expected that  
the struggle which took place in this  
country about thirty years ago, will be  
repeated in the dominion of Don Pedro.

The Dublin University Bill of Prof.  
Fawcett, which originally proposed to  
create a Council on a purely liberal basis,  
and thus wholly recognize the institu-  
tion, has been cut down to a mere abili-  
tation of religious tests, and will pass  
in this shape. This puts Irish univer-  
sity education on the same footing as En-  
glish, and considerably mitigates the  
Irish grievance, thus preparing the way  
for future additional and reorganizing  
change, if the Protestant interest can  
ever consent to admit the Catholics to a  
share of administration, and the Catho-  
lics can ever content themselves with a  
share only.

See in another column the advertise-  
ment headed "I Will Help Any Man."

## FARM AND HOME.

New Way of Watering Plants.

The *Agriculturist* gives an account of  
the mode adopted by some successful  
raisers of big tomatoes and magnificent  
roses for feeding the plants with sewage  
water. Pipe tiles are placed so as to  
run directly down the body of the roots,  
and down these pipes the water is poured  
whenever the weather is dry. This pre-  
vents the crusting and baking of the  
surface, resulting from the common  
mode of watering. The *Country Gentle-  
man* suggests an improvement of  
some importance, namely, to fill the tile  
with librous litter or coarse manure,  
which will allow the water to enter, but  
prevent the roots from becoming dry  
by the escape of moisture up through  
the chimney which the tiles would other-  
wise form.

For most crops such an arrangement  
would hardly be worth while, except  
with those who are ambitious to raise  
"big tomatoes and magnificent roses." But  
something like it pays in celery cul-  
ture. After the earthing up begins,  
the roots are almost certain to suffer  
for want of moisture. Sprinkling the  
surface does no good, as the water can-  
not penetrate to the roots, and is apt to  
rust and injure the leaves. But if pipe  
tiles are set upright in the rows at in-  
tervals of two or three feet, they keep  
open a passage for water to the roots  
after the plants are earthed up.

## Cure for Horses' Legs.

Few men who handle horses give  
proper attention to the feet and legs.  
Especially is this the case on farms.  
Much time is often spent in rubbing,  
brushing and smoothing the hair on the  
sides and hips, but at no time are the  
feet examined and properly cared for.  
Now be it known that the feet of a horse  
require more care than the body; they  
need ten times as much, for in one re-  
spect they are almost the entire horse.  
All the grooming that can be done won't  
avail anything if the horse is forced to  
stand where his feet will be filthy. In  
this case the feet will become disordered,  
and then the leg will get badly out of  
fix, and with bad feet and bad legs there  
is not much else of the horse fit for any-  
thing. Stable prisons generally are ter-  
ribly severe on the feet and legs of  
horses, and unless these buildings can  
afford a dry room where a horse can  
walk, lie down, or roll over, they are not  
half so healthy and comfortable to the  
horse as the pasture, and should be  
avoided by all good hostlers in the  
country.

## Improvements Pay.

A correspondent of the *Rural Sun*  
writes: I often hear it asserted that it  
does not pay to improve land if you  
wish to sell. "The profit you receive  
will not pay for the improvements." I  
think every day's labor will pay a man  
two dollars. I purchased a small tract  
of land for \$700 cash, remodeled my  
new farm, reset the fences, set out 150  
fruit trees, and sowed my woodland in  
grass, sowed a nice meadow, and after  
all was done, I was offered in cash for  
the property \$1,200. I therefore think  
it will pay every farmer to improve his  
land. Every man who has a farm can  
always find something to do that will  
eventually remunerate him. Fill up the  
small gullies, which, if left, would soon  
be large ones; cut side branches; clean  
out the fence corners, so that stock may  
not be tempted to push it over, and  
that the fence may be kept dry and pre-  
served from rotting; haul out the manure  
that lies around your barns wasting and  
giving your horses the scratches.

## Good Coffee.

The *American Rural Home* of Roches-  
ter, one of the most reliable papers,  
gives the following advice as to good  
coffee, in which all are interested: For  
a long time I used the coffee ground as  
coarsely as it is usually sold in the shops.  
Although procuring the best berries  
possible, I did not uniformly succeed in  
obtaining at the breakfast-table a first-  
rate beverage. I consulted many wis-  
doms, some of whom said that the water  
used should be hotter, others that the  
coffee should be soaked in cold water,  
etc., etc. By accident, one day I hap-  
pened to have the coffee reground to the  
fineness of snuff. Herein lay the mys-  
tery. I have never since failed to obtain  
a strong, full-flavored beverage, and  
that, too, without using so large a quan-  
tity of coffee.

## To Extract Grease-Spots from Books or Paper.

Gently warm the greased or spotted  
part of the book or paper, and then  
press upon it pieces of blotting-paper,  
one after another, so as to absorb as  
much of the grease as possible. Have  
ready some fine, clear, essential oil, or  
turpentine, heated almost to a boiling  
state; warm the greased leaf a little,  
and then, with the soft, clean brush, wet  
with the heated turpentine both sides of  
the spotted part. By repeating this ap-  
plication the grease will be extracted.  
Lastly, with another brush dipped in  
rectified spirits of wine, go over the  
place, and the grease will no longer ap-  
pear, neither will the paper be discolored.

FRED DOUGLASS was refused the use  
of the open-house in Lexington, Ky.,  
for a lecture.

THE BENDER MURDERS—A HORRIBLE  
RECITAL.

The story of the discovery of the body  
of Dr. York and the other murdered  
victims of the Bender family in Labette  
county, Kan., sounds like the tales of  
murder and robbery which, years ago,  
were related round the family hearth-  
stone, while children hid their faces  
in terror and huddled closer together  
as they crept to their beds after the  
recital.

All the surroundings are here in this  
tale of reality that added interest and  
fascination to those stories of child-  
hood. A lonely tavern on a lonely road;  
a strange family in charge of it; a trap  
door, a well beneath, and a gang of  
reckless murderers, men and women, to  
entice the traveler, supply his supper  
and bed, and while unconscious rob and  
murder him.

The Bender family consisted of four  
persons, all adults—Bender, his wife  
and daughter, and a son. They are  
supposed, however, to have had accom-  
plices. The daughter was a Spiritualist  
and professed to be a healing mem-  
ber. See advertised herself as such in  
the neighboring papers, and doubt-  
less a number were attracted to the  
spot by this means who never left it  
alive.

Persons coming from a distance to  
visit the daughter kept the matter quiet  
through fear of ridicule; and this ex-  
plains the fact that, though people have  
been mysteriously disappearing in their  
neighborhood for some time, no sus-  
pensions were excited until the sudden  
and altogether unaccountable loss of  
Dr. York. On the 9th of March Dr.  
York (brother of Senator York, who  
gained so wide a notoriety through his  
connection with the Pomeroy case) left  
Fort Scott for his home in Indepen-  
dence, Kan. He was mounted on a  
valuable horse, and had a large sum of  
money with him. The time passed for  
his arrival home, but he did not come.  
As his absence grew prolonged, fears  
were excited for his safety. His brother  
left for Fort Scott to inquire for him,  
and learned that he had departed from  
there at the date above stated. Secur-  
ing assistance, Col. York proceeded to  
trace the missing man. He was followed  
as far as Cherryvale, a small town on  
the Leavenworth and Kansas railway,  
about two miles from the home of the  
Bender family. There all traces of him  
were lost. Inquiries were made of the  
family, but they stated that no person  
answering the description had been seen  
by them. Suspicion had not yet set-  
tled upon them, and perhaps would not  
had it not been for their own conduct.

It is supposed that they became alarmed  
at the urgency with which the search  
was prosecuted, for they suddenly dis-  
appeared. The premises were shortly  
after examined, but for some time no  
discoveries were made. At last a trap-  
door was found in a gloomy room, and,  
lifting this, some of the party descended  
into a sort of well beneath, the bottom  
of which was thick with clotted blood.  
Horror-stricken, the men prosecuted  
their search with renewed energy, and  
at last in the garden in the rear of the  
house discovered the body of the mis-  
sing Dr. York. It was divested of  
clothing and buried face downward in a  
grave or hole about two feet deep. An  
examination showed that the skull had  
been fractured with a heavy weapon,  
presumed now to have been a hammer,  
two of which were found in the house.  
A further search revealed more graves,  
and at latest accounts eight other bodies  
had been discovered, one of them that  
of a little girl who had been murdered  
with her father.

The excitement consequent on the  
unearthing of this wholesale slaughter  
is intense, and, as usual in such cases,  
injustice is liable to be done to innocent  
parties.—*Inter-Ocean.*

## JEWISH EMIGRATION.

The New York Herald says: There  
have lately arrived in this city several  
wealthy Hebrews from Roumania, in  
Europe, who have come to the Western  
World as pioneers of several thousands  
of their co-religionists, resident in Rou-  
mania, who intend coming over here  
during the course of the present year,  
when arrangements shall have been  
made for their residence in this new  
land, and it is considered that the  
exodus will probably settle near Lin-  
coln, the capital city of Nebraska. In  
modern or ancient history hardly any  
parallel can be found to the atrocious  
persecutions which have befallen this  
race in Roumania, where a couple of  
years ago a large number of them were  
slaughtered at Berlad and other places,  
while their property was burned and  
destroyed to an immense extent. It is  
computed that, as soon as their colony  
has been fixed upon in the United  
States, from three to five thousand will  
immediately proceed across Europe to  
Antwerp, in Belgium, where they will  
embark for this port. It is reported by  
Mr. Jaroslawski, of 423 West Forty-third  
street, that fully fifty thousand of the  
Jews in Roumania are desirous of pro-  
ceeding to this country, and that an or-  
ganization of friends has been estab-  
lished in this city to help their per-  
secuted brethren who may arrive here.

## See in another column the advertise-

ment headed "I Will Help Any Man."

## THE LATE JUDGE CHASE.

Salmon Portland Chase was born in  
Cornish, N. H., Jan. 13, 1808, and had  
just entered his 65th year. In 1815 his  
father removed to Keene, N. H. In  
1820, when 12 years old, his father being  
dead, he went to Worthington, O., where  
he was under the care of his uncle,  
Philander Chase, Bishop of Ohio. He  
attended the Cincinnati College for one  
year, and, returning to New Hampshire,  
in 1824 entered Dartmouth College, and  
graduated in 1826. The next winter he  
opened a private school in Washington  
City. In 1829 was admitted to the bar,  
having read law in the office of At-  
torney-General Wirt. In 1830, he re-  
turned to Cincinnati, and has ever since  
made his home in Ohio. He became  
early identified with the Anti-Slavery  
party, and was an earnest and steadfast  
opponent of the slave power. He was  
elected to the United States Senate from  
Ohio in 1849. In that body he strongly  
opposed the compromise measures  
proposed by Mr. Clay, and, by way  
of amendments, sought to exclude  
slavery from the Territories. In 1854,  
he strenuously opposed the Kansas-  
Nebraska act; prepared an address to  
the people remonstrating against it, and  
he continued his opposition to it down  
to the hour of its passage. In 1855, he  
retired from the Senate, and that same  
year was elected Governor of Ohio. In  
1857, he was again elected, and closed  
his second term in January, 1860. On  
the 4th of March, 1861, he entered Mr.  
Lincoln's Cabinet as Secretary of the  
Treasury. This latter office he resigned  
on the 3d of June, 1864, and on the 6th  
of December, in the same year, he was  
appointed by Mr. Lincoln Chief Justice  
of the United States, to succeed Judge  
Taney.

## AN EVERY-DAY SCENE.

Did you ever see a man fish around in  
the bottom of a tub of water for a piece  
of soap? At the first attempt he simply  
reaches down upon it to pick it up, and  
is very much surprised to find that he  
hasn't got it. Then he approaches it  
more cautiously, puts his hand over it,  
and then comes down noiselessly until  
he gets every finger upon it, and then  
squeezes it tight, and—misses it. He  
looks at it for a moment before making  
another effort, and fills up the interval  
with a few remarks. The third attempt  
is a sort of semi-circle, described with a  
great deal of sagacity, but is a failure.  
Other remarks follow. Then he makes  
a succession of dives, and slopes the  
water over his clothes, and dranches the  
carpet, and catches hold of the soap  
several times, and lets go of it again,  
and screams at the top of his voice, and  
finally, in perfect despair, sits down on  
the floor and actually howls.—*Danbury  
News.*

THERE was an elderly gentleman ven-  
ding his way to the barber shop Saturday  
afternoon. Coming from an opposite  
direction was an unshaven man. The  
shop lay between them. The unshaven  
man quickened his step; the elderly  
man struck into a trot. Then the un-  
shaven stopped to look into a window,  
and the elderly man came back to a  
walk. Up started the unshaven man  
again, and the elderly man resumed his  
trot. The unshaven man once more  
slackened up; so did the elderly man.  
Then the unshaven man quickened his  
gait, and the elderly man once more  
struck into a trot, and reached the door  
panting and puffing as the unshaven  
man went by. And yet, women are dis-  
satisfied with their sphere.—*Danbury  
News.*

Nor long ago the old hippopotamus at  
the London Zoological Gardens suffered  
much from a decayed tooth. In former  
times he would have been shot, as was  
poor "Chunee," the elephant at Exeter  
'Change. Mr. Bartlett, superintendent  
of the garden, however, determined to  
pull out the tooth. He ordered the  
blacksmith to make a pair of "tooth  
forceps," and a tremendous pair they  
were. The "bite" of the forceps just  
fitted the tooth of the hippo. By skill-  
ful management Bartlett managed to  
seize Master Hippo's tooth as he put his  
head through the bars. The hippo,  
roaring frightfully, pulled one way,  
Bartlett and the keepers pulled the other,  
and at last out came the tooth, and  
Hippo soon got well again.

THE Des Moines Register believes  
there is one sort of a man whom even  
the revivalist Hammond wouldn't deem  
worth saving. It is the man who, when  
a barber shop is crowded at midnight  
on Saturday night, insists upon having  
his hair cut, and his head shampooed,  
and his whiskers trimmed, and his mus-  
tache powdered, and his face bay-rum-  
med and camphor-iced and powdered  
and perfumed, and dried and perfumed  
again. A Modoc would do for a peace  
commissioner in effecting the civilization  
of such an individual.

"SAD, BUT TRUE." Such is the head-  
ing of an item in the Chicago Journal,  
wherein it is recorded that forty small  
boys, whose ages vary from seven to  
thirteen years, are at present confined  
in the Cook county jail. Forty children  
looked up in the filthy cells of a prison  
in the companionship of murderers,  
thieves and pickpockets! Is not this a  
spectacle for angels and for men?

## A SPIRITUAL SONG.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

The times are all so fearful!  
The heart so full of care!  
To eyes that question fearful  
The future spectral march.

Wild terror creep and hover  
With foot so ghastly soft;  
The soul black midnight cover,  
Like mountains piled aloft.

Firm props like reeds are waving,  
For trust is left no stay;  
The thoughts, with whistling-sav-  
No more the will obey.

Frenzy, with eyes redoubled,  
Dooms from Truth's defense;  
Life's pulse is flagging listless,  
And dull is every sense.

Who hath the cross upheaved,  
To shatter and make whole?  
Who lives from sight received  
That he may help the soul?

Haste to the tree of wonder;  
Give silent longing room;  
Outgoing flames asunder  
Will clothe the phantom gloom.

Draws thou an angel tender  
In safety on the strand;  
Lo! at thy feet in splendor  
Outspreads the promised land.

—Satan's Serpent.

## VARIETIES.

WHEN has a man a ghost of a chance  
of appeasing his appetite? When he's  
a goblin up anything.

A young farmer in Rhode Island  
being asked if he believed in a future  
state, replied: "In course I does, and  
I'm going to enter it tew, just as soon  
as Betsy gits her things ready."

Mrs. PETER PETER's baby was making  
a tremendous noise, and a friend asked  
Peter why it was so cross? "It has a  
stormy mother," said Peter, with a sigh;  
"you needn't wonder if it's a little  
squally, its quite natural."

An auctioneer exclaimed: "Why,  
really, ladies and gentlemen, I am giv-  
ing these things away." "Are you?"  
said an old lady present. "Well, I'll  
thank you for that silver pitcher you  
have in your hand."

An Irishman, meeting another, asked  
him what had become of a mutual  
friend. "Arrah, now my dear honey,"  
answered he, "Paddy was condemned  
to be hanged, but he